# THE TICKLER.

BY TOBY SCRATCH'EM.

VOL II.——No. 13. Whole No. 65.


" Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one *worthy man* my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear!"

POPE.

## WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1809.

### TERMS OF THE TICKLER.

I. The Tickler shall be printed on a neat type and good paper, medium size, and delivered to subscribers residing within the city and suburbs on every Wednesday morning. Papers for subscribers residing at a distance, shall be forwarded according to the directions given.

II. Subscription——Four dollars per annum, payable quarterly, in advance. Subscribers not residing within the city and suburbs pay half yearly, in advance. Single papers, twelve and an half cents.

III. Unless notice is given of an intention to discontinue, at the end of a quarterly, semi-annual, or annual subscription, the omission will be considered as a new engagement, and the papers forwarded accordingly.

Subscriptions received at the publication office, No. 131, South Front-street.


*'There is pleasure in Riding, which none but Horsemen know.'*

## *Old Riding School,*

CENTRE-SQUARE.

T. SWANN respectfully informs his patrons and the public in general, that he intends to re-open his Riding School on Monday the 17th inst, and will use his utmost endeavours in teaching Ladies and Gentlemen real Horsemanship, agreeable to the strictest mechanic rules of art, &c.

Horses carefully and expeditiously broke, for the purpose of riding, either for ladies or gentlemen.

Also, the new exercise of the BROAD SWORD, taught by T. S. on the exact principles laid down by Major La Merchant, and practised by every troop both of the French and English, without the smallest variation.

NB. The School is much enlarged, so as to occupy a space of 150 feet by 54, being sufficient to practise a troop of cavalry at one and the same time.

April 5.

## FOR SALE,

AT THIS OFFICE, A FEW COPIES OF THE

## National Songster.

Containing a collection of the most modern and admired patriotic, sentimental, anacreontic, comic, any masonic songs, original and selected.

Feb. 15.

## Printing.

Books, pamphlets, cards, handbills, and every species of printing, neatly and promptly executed, on reasonable terms, at the office of the Tickler.

## Scythe Stones.

FIRST quality Crum-creek Scythe Stones, for sale by John M'Ilvain, jr. No. 151, South-street.

April 12.


## Proposals

FOR PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION,

*A VOLUME OF POEMS,*

ENTITLED

# PILLS,

POETICAL, POLITICAL & PHILOSOPHICAL

PRESCRIBED FOR THE PURPOSE

OF PURGING THE PUBLIC

OF

*Piddling Philosophers, Punt Poetasters, Paltry Politicians and Petit Partizans.*

BY PETER PEPPER-BOX,

*Poet and Physician.*

No common medicines are fit
For Patient by a mad dog bit;
And poison must, as Galen held,
By counter-poison be expelled.

PARACELSUS.

The following extracts from the principal poem, are specimens of the proposed publication.

I WOULD, *imprimis*, seek resource,
In acts forbidding intercourse,
Direct or indirect communion,
Between the Moon, and this our union;
For madam Luna, has, in fact,
Committed many a hostile act,
And is beyond all calculation
The greatest foe to our great nation.
The truth to tell, I question, whether
Should all the Old World club together,
A host of devils, every one,
They'd 'do the harm,' which she has done.
The Moon, an intermeddling jade,
Caused our embargo to be laid;
Which shows this patroness of fools
Can make our Solomons her tools.

AGAIN.

Among our patriotic cares
In this great crisis of affairs,
Our most imperious duty it is
To seek 'asylum' for our cities,
The scourge of horrid war to shun.
I would remove them every one,
From off the sea board to the interior:
New-York I'd place in Lake Superior,
Send Philadelphia over by land
As far as Blannerhasset's island.
(For gun-boat number one you know
Can take the largest one in tow,
O'er hill and valley make her wag on
Like conjurer drawn by fiery dragon)
Perhaps, however, if she's lucky,
She'll gain a settlement in Kentucky,
A country, which they tell us vies
In point of soil with Paradise;
Where turnips, beets and carrots grow
Until they reach the shades below,
And thus the gifts of Ceres yield
To tenants of Elysian field;
And parsnips stretch their roots with ease,
Quite through to our antipodes,
And Chinese thieves, if fame says true,
To rob our farmers pull them through!

### CONDITIONS.

The work shall contain from 150 to 200 pages duodecimo, handsomely printed on paper of a good quality.

Price to subscribers will be one dollar in boards.

Subscriptions received at this office.

April 12, 1809.


## *Dr. Godbold's*

## Vegetable Balm of Life.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

IN offering to the public a medicine, the discovery of the late celebrated Dr. Godbold, it might be almost unnecessary to give any details of its superior efficacy or merits; he, who from his knowledge of the treasures of the vegetable world, extracted so many rich and salutary substances, and who applied them so successfully in restoring the blessings of health to his countrymen, that thousands have given testimonials of the services received from him. It would be, however, unjust to the properties of this invaluable medicine, to withhold particularizing some of its sanative virtues.

Amongst several much esteemed specifics which Dr. Godbold prepared, it was in the preparation of *this* now offered to the public, that he had the firmest confidence, it was in this which he administered with the fullest success, and from which he acquired his high reputation and extensive fortune.

In Colds, Catarrhs and Coughs it gently opens the breast, immediately gives liberty of breathing, and allays the tickling which provokes frequent coughing. In hoarseness and Asthmas it clears all obstructions of the lungs, and heals any rawness or soreness therefrom. In debilitated stomachs, flatulency, windy complaints, weakness of appetite whether occasioned by a natural weakness of constitution, or by over indulgence in the table, and in eruptions on the face, where they arise from impurity of blood. This inestimable specific is without a superior: it is a bracer of the solids, and a promoter of digestion, and renovates the stomach, by mixing with the blood and juices, applying itself to the seat of the disorder, which it removes by its healing qualities. In complaints the offsprings of a sedentary life, in sick head-ache, female weaknesses, and indeed debility in either sex; its salutary powers have been remarkably eminent, even in cases that had been deemed by some of the faculty incurable; its tendency being to invigogorate and to improve the general health, occasioning no danger from cold, and requiring neither confinement nor change of diet.

The very numerous and respectable testimonies from the first and most leading characters, shew the great excellence of this medicine, which the proprietor now offers in the fullest confidence, that it will prove of general utility to the public at large, and wherever it is tried, will acquire that value and esteem which it so highly merits.

To children in earliest infancy it may be administered with the most perfect safety, always mixing it with water, and proportioning the quantity to their respective ages. To women during a state of pregnancy, when the stomach is so liable to be disordered, this vegetable cordial is highly balsamic and restorative.

This medicine is sold by appointment of the proprietor, in bottles at one dollar each, by

*W. LEHMAN, W. SMITH & SON,*
South Second-street, 1st house above the Bank of Pennsylvania.
*JOHN Y. BRYANT,*
Corner of Pine & Second-streets.
*JOHN HART,*
South Second near Market-street.
*BAZIN & CO.*
No. 11, north Second-street.
*SAMUEL WETHERILL & SON,*
Front-street near Arch-street.
*JOHN WETHERILL,*
Corner of Arch and Front-streets.
*STEPHEN NORTH,*
No. 85, Market-stree
*JOSEPH LEHMAN,*
No. 222, Market-stree

And likewise by the proprietor himself,

*Henry Ward,*

Corner of Walnut and Eighth-streets.

At the same places may be had, Dr. Jebb's Nature's Restorative, and also, Dr. Tissot's Gout and Rheumatic Drops.

A liberal allowance will be made to those who purchase by the dozen.

NB. None are genuine without the signature of the proprietor as above.

May 3, 1809.

# The Tickler.

## *PHILADELPHIA, MAY* 10.

### *AN ACT*

*To repeal an act, entitled "An act prohibiting for a limited time all intercourse between DOLLARS and TOBY's POCKET; and for other purposes therein specified.*

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, &c. That from and after the publication of the 65th number of the Tickler, our worthy fellow-citizen, Toby Scratch'em, be, and he hereby is authorised to demand and receive from each of his original subscribers, and from such who commenced with either Nos. 14, 27, 40 or 53, the sum of One Dollar, *in advance* for the next quarter's subscription.

Signed and approved, this 10th day of May, A. D. 1809, by the sole legislative and executive power,

NECESSITY.

We respectfully solicit such of our distant patrons as are in arrears, to take the hint from the passage of the above law in our favour, and not put us to the inconvenience of applying for a special act.

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The victims to the arrogance of the king of Ignorance had one month's leisure to reflect upon the fallacy of asserting the *supremacy* of one state, in defiance of the authority of the union. Gen. Bright was very properly conceived to be the most obstinate man concerned in the degradation of Pennsylvania, and received sentence for two months longer reflection than was allotted his companions.

The *honor*, (if any particle of that ingredient remains on hand) of the *parliamentum indoctum*, or late legislature of Pennsylvania, stands indirectly pledged to remunerate all who suffered in consequence of complying with their requisitions. But unless a radical change in their accustomed spirit of illiberality should be effected at the next general election, these men will have suffered, but to experience the want of generosity, if not of justice, which has hitherto so strongly marked the conduct of the Pennsylvania legislature.

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When the district court were about to pass sentence on the dupes to the shallow policy of the King of Ignorance, the names of the prisoners were first called over —some of them answered '*here*' very pertly——a gentleman remarked 'that they would soon cry out *there*.'

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### *Naval Tactics.*

That prodigy of military knowledge, col. Duane, fully confiding in the verity of the adage of 'he that's born to be *hanged* will never be *drowned*,' recently took a boat with an intention of proceeding to Mud-fort by water. The colonel had wind and tide in his favour, yet he still beat down, as though he had to contend with one of the elements. This will probably furnish matter for another number of that *valuable* and *original* work, the Military Library.

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A man is frequently more unfortunate in having foolish friends to defend, than malignant enemies who assail his reputation. In this predicament does general Bright at present find himself. Had not that parasitical wretch, John Binns, the lying editor of the lying Press, been so lavish of his sycophancy towards the general, his patron's claim to merit on the score of revolutionary services would probably never have been questioned.

Binns' folly and vanity are conspicuously pourtrayed, when he undertakes to defend Bright, and trumpet forth his achievements, before his character was assailed or his patriotism at the revolutionary period, doubted. If we were, (out of mere compliment) to believe only one half of what Binns asserts, we should be led to conclude that Bright alone had acquired our independence; and that the twelve labours of Hercules was but mere marble playing when contrasted with his heroic feats.

The plain matter of fact is, general Bright deserves credit for his ardent attachment to the cause of freedom —but when we say thus much, we can say no more, unless we were to follow the lying system of Binns. The services he rendered were chiefly confined those that only could arise from privateering—a system of warfare that has frequently been deprecated by civilized nations, and universally admitted to be unworthy of holding a place in their laws. Privateersmen engage in their enterprizes almost entirely from motives of self interest—or at best from an admixture of two grains of *cupidity* to one poor grain of *patriotism*; and may very justly be considered as licensed robbers, who are only tolerated by the exigency of the times.

It is not our wish to wound the feelings of a man who lately suffered the privation of personal liberty for the folly and wickedness of others—our only aim is to correct misrepresentation.

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*From an ancient English publication.*

The reader will perceive that the following Poem is built on the Text prefixed, and that the first line of each Stanza, is borrowed from it.

*Behold, alas! our days we spend;*
*How vain they be, how soon they end!*

Behold

How short a span
Was long enough of old
To measure out the life of man;
In those well temper'd days, his time was then
Survey'd, cast up, and found but three score years and ten.

Alas!

And what is that?
They come, and slide and pass,
Before my pen can tell thee what,
The posts of time are swift, which having run
Their seven short stages o'er, their short lived task is done.

Our days

Begun, we lend
To sleep to antic plays
And toys until the first stage end;
12 wan ng moons, twice 5 times told, we give
To unrecover'd loss; we rather breathe than live.

We spend

A ten year's breath,
Before we apprehend
What 'tis to live, or fear a death;
Our childish dreams are fill'd with painted joys
Which please our sense awhile, and waking, prove but toys!

How vain

How wretched is
Poor man that doth remain
A slave to such a state as this!
His days are short at longest; few at most;
They are but hard at best; yet lavish'd out or lost.

They be

The secret springs,
That make our minutes flee
On wheels more swift than eagle's wings!
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death!

How soon

Our new-born light
Attains to full-aged noon!
And this, how soon to grey hair'd night!
We spring, we bud, we blossom and we blast,
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end

When scarce begun;
And ere we apprehend
That we begin to live, our life is done:
Man count thy days! and if they fly too fast
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day the last.

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Binns charges the judges of the U. S. circuit court, with exercising illegal means to compel the jury to convict Bright and his companions. In addition to a most infamous falsehood, the fellow is guilty of meanly endeavoring to foist his own futile attempts to sway the mind of a juror upon another. On the morning of Monday, the 1st inst, when the jury came into court with the verdict, which the court, after examination, said they would receive, if the jury agreed to amend it by inserting, 'in the manner and form, as charged in the indictment.' Binns and young Randall, (a kind of *sucking* lawyer) had placed themselves so as to catch the eye of Liberty Browne, and both shook their heads at him, as a token not to agree to a compliance with the lawful objections of the court. As for Binns, we should not be surprised at any rascally act he might commit; but that a mere boy of young Randall's *consequence* should attempt such an arrogant interference, out herod's even Impudence herself. Go on young man—if you are as *fortunate* as was your *virtuous* father, perhaps you may, like him, enjoy an *unblemished* reputation in your old age. Heaven preserve you from——————you know what we mean.

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Since the conviction and imprisonment of the unfortunate dupes to the stupidity of the King of Ignorance, Binns has been raving with all the symptoms of confirmed insanity. Many will enquire whence proceeds this more than ordinary zeal? We in reply state, that as his super-superlative majesty paid the *Boston* for Binns' press and types, he has a right to all his services, as it probably is the only return he ever will receive —so that Binns is bound by duty, as well as impelled by the instigation of a most malignant heart, to assail every man of worth and reputation, who has been concerned in checking the late lawless resistance to the authority of the Union. The fellow has so habituated himself to publishing the most barefaced lies with unblushing front, that we almost despair of ever working a reformation, and exclaim with Churchill:

'Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of nature, bid the deep,
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art,
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.'

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### MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Among the many interesting subjects with which your useful paper is enriched, I am happy to find the biography of *great* men eminently conspicuous. I must confess, however, that I am exceedingly disappointed, that you have not flourished your biographical pen in delineating the character of the most renowned, and right gallant, the step-son of Major Anthony Simmons. This youth is famous for the universality of genius, being no less than an electric machine maker, a silver-smith, first rate musician, grand chemist, nominal physician and bleeder of Race-street. He is most renowned for his invaluable experiments on electricity, and many a dog has rued the force of his cruel experiments; and cats which were lately so troublesome and noisy in Race-street, are entirely annihilated, in consequence of the shocking manner in which he has treated them! as to neighbouring children, I assure you they shun his machine, nay avoid the very house as much as if it was infested with ghosts and hobgoblins. His musical talents are unrivalled, he is not only an adept in instrumental music, but likewise 'discourses elegant music;' woe be unto that fair one who is exposed to the enchantment of his melody—tho' her heart was ice, he would kindle a flame in it that would melt it away!

I mentioned his being a physician and bleeder—and so he is—according to his own account he bled 40 patients in one day at the alms-house, and the citizens of Race-street, from experience, can testify his expertness with the lancet.

His great skill in chemistry would be acknowledged by professor Woodhouse himself. In this line, I believe he has made as much *noise* in the world as any, for he is continually exploding his *gases* and *fulminating powders* to the alarm of the neighbours. I am told (by himself) that he is one of the most admired gallants of Philadelphia; I am sorry I have not more creditable authority for this assertion. His dress is completely the *ton*; his coat, from the manner in which the cape lies back on his shoulder at first sight, appears to be falling off; and when he draws it completely up, it is so enormously high, that like Hudibras, he appears

'As if his back had got the upper
'Hand of his head, for want of crupper.'

His breeches are so extremely long, and his flashy white top boots so amazing short, that the former appears to be stooping down in order to pull up the latter. About his legs there is a wonderful supply of strings from his breeches and boots together, which dangle around in very great style. He boasts of as ugly a walking stick as any one, which he flourishes before him thro' the streets in a very graceful but dangerous manner, like the heroes of Aplan, intent on war, who always advanced their spears before them when they invaded a country. It is thought needless to mention his literary acquirements: I believe he can read and write notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary——as to his politics; I will only mention, that he is a red-hot demo.

For the good of the public and especially of naturalists, I inform them, this non-descript may be seen *(for nothing)* every morning at Mr. ——'s, a French gentleman in Front-street between Race and Arch-streets, in whose wine cellar the youth swallows daily enormous quantities of wine *gratis!* I hope you, Mr. Scratch'em, will go and get a peep at him—he is worth your notice—you may go close up to him, there is no danger of his hurting you—nay, if you take a stick and beat him, like an ass he will take it tamely. Do take notice of him Mr. Scratch'em.

TOP KNOT.

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### 'WHOSO FINDETH A WIFE FINDETH A GOOD THING.'

So said Solomon, the prince of gallantry; and Solomon ought to know. The soft moments spent by the Jewish monarch in conjugal endearments and sweetest dalliance with the enchanting fair, bore testimony, no doubt, to the truth of his assertion; and when surrounded with his numerous wives, he had good right to conclude, that he was in possession [illegible] of the good

The age of poligamy is happily past: and on the threshold of domestic felicity, rendered doubly pleasing by the fascinating smile of her we love, have the deep drawn prejudices and superficial maxims of barbarous oriental nations been sacrificed, and the shrine of exclusive individual affection, erected on the ruins of divided friendship. For myself, I have no hesitation in declaring that in my opinion, one wife, particularly a modern one, is amply sufficient for one husband; or in other words, one *good thing* at a time is enough to answer all the purposes of human life.

In discussing my subject I shall divide it into two general heads, and proceed, by way of enquiry, to ascertain 1st, what is a wife? 2ndly, in what sense she can be considered a *good thing*—and lastly, shall wind up the interesting subject by a very brief improvement of the whole.

First, what is a Wife? And here, to prevent the cavils of a censorious and malignant world, it may be necessary for the preacher to hint a truth, which the midnight lectures of many a hopeless Benedict, if they could be obtained, would confirm, beyond the possibility of doubt, viz. that wives, as well as other sublunary things, very naturally divide themselves into two permanent classes, the good and the bad—or the fretful and unfretful. But as Solomon meant only to include the better class, I shall take it for granted there was a slight omission in my text, and presume that the idea which he intended to communicate, was, that a *good wife* was a *good thing* in a family, and treat the matter accordingly.

A good wife is a being selected by a benign providence to scatter the roses of contentment, and strew the dark and serpentine paths of life with the choicest, the most fadeless flowers; and is truly the 'last, best gift of God to man.' Formed to charm, to allure and fascinate the whole soul of an affectionate husband, she can, at any time, transfuse a portion of her own spirit into his, and by the powerful magic of a smile, change in a moment the bitter draughts of his existence to dreams of the most delicious nectar. It is a selfish race, unkind—and does the fickle goddess Fortune, frown disdainfully on his wretched prospects? He retires serenely from the empty bustle of mankind, and fondly pillowing his aching head on her snowy bosom, he applies his fervid lips to hers, generously glowing with hope and love, and drinks a long oblivion to his wrongs and injuries. This brings me to my second proposition, viz. In what sense can she be considered a *good thing?*

I have already, in some measure, anticipated an answer to this question, in the preceding section of my sermon, because the two points were very nearly, not to say inseparably, connected together.

A good wife may be considered a *good thing;* nay, the very best of things, when she fills up the measure of her domestic duties, and presides with pleasure over the concerns of a thriving family. She is the centre of that powerfully attractive system, in which revolve, with uniform motion, all the bewitching graces, all the home-born delights of refined and tranquil love. She gives a a new charm, and adds an exquisite delight to all the blandishments of social life. Solitude is a stranger where she dwells; and melancholy pausing over his mournful story, dares not approach her consecrated mansion. Here is the silver wand which chases away the demon of sorrow, and restores the sunshine of her soul. In her right hand she holds health, happiness and dawning honors; and in her left, an inverted mirror, reflecting the loveliest objects in creation. I come now to the

IMPROVEMENT.

Stranger! whoever thou art, who standeth alone amid the storms of the world, labor incessantly and with all thy might, to obtain that good thing mentioned in my text. A little wooing will answer thy purpose, and procure thee a jewel of inestimable value. Does thy heart pant for glory and the brow stern with the victories of battle, or desire the blood stained laurels of the conqueror? Banish the puerile dream, and let sober reason chase the delusive vision from thy soul. A wife will soften the asperity of thy temper, and smooth thy brow, clouded with sadness. She will kindly watch over thy bed of sickness, and whisper in softest accents, the language of consolation to thy drooping heart. She will form thy mind to generous exertions, and make thee nobly emulous of real greatness; and when the last, faint flashes of life's expiring lamp, have quivered out their little moment, her tears will moisten the clay-cold form; and her prayers ascending for thy final happiness, will gently waft thy disembodied spirits to the gardens of the Paradise of God.

## John M. Irwin.

Out of tenderness for the feelings of the respectable families with whom this fellow is connected, we have hitherto desisted from exercising our lash upon the truly contemptible creature. This forbearance, perhaps, has by him been attributed to other motives. But John may rest assured that the above consideration mixed with a proper quantum of contempt for his character, has only prevented us from nailing him to 'the pillory of fame;' and even now we exclaim with the poet:

'Now by my soul it makes me blush to know,
'My pen could stoop to such a foe.'

John has long been croaking about us, in in beer-houses and three-cent dram shops, but thank Heaven, he never could call us idle, drunken, debauched, or dishonest in a public office.

## War in the Wigwam.

On last Thursday evening the Tammany Society of white savages held their stated meeting for 'the month of flowers,' at the great wigwam, kept by brother John Catfish Miller. This being the period of the annual election for officers, many brethren, who felt indignant at having the Certificate Doctor to preside over their councils, in quality of Grand Sachem, proposed gen. Michael Bright as a substitute. We will not so far insult general Bright, as to contrast the characters of both the candidates—it is sufficient to say, that after much acrimonious language, in which they frequently threatened to lift the big tomahawk, which lies buried underneath their wigwam, the cause of barefaced villainy triumphed, and Certificate was re-elected, by a very lean majority.

WISKINKI.

## 'State Rights.'

This term has recently been adopted, to cover the ignorance and turpitude which has prompted the recent disgraceful opposition to the laws of the union——'the rights of the state' bawls out jail bird Binns, and his clamours are echoed by the editorial sycophants to the king of Ignorance. But with due deference to the sagacity of those wise ones, we cannot conceive how any just 'rights of the state' were involved in that case, unless it was Pennsylvania's exclusive right to rebel whenever she chooses—and this is the third attempt she has made to assert that right.

Major Stitch, the Dock-street Taylor, while lately perambulating the streets in a pensive mood, was addressed by an acquaintance, in the following manner:

Say, Major, has thou lost a faithful friend,
Or has another hoax been put on you;
Or has the devil not forgot to send
His blessing; or in pocket have you not a sous?

*Major Stitch's answer.*

Ah! no kind friend, for Heaven that I thank;
But, alas! my ticket's drawn a *blank*.

Although *Abraham Rumhogshead* was not present when the Marshal was opposed in his endeavor to execute the writ of mandamus, yet he patriotically accompanied Bright and his companions to their late airy barracks, at the new prison out Arch-street. Rumhogshead was retained in the capacity of chief cook; and we hear that he was not so unfortunate as he is said to have been while guarding fort Rittenhouse, when the barracks took fire, from the fat of a beef-steak being set in a blaze.

We have commenced attending to the duties of our high station of reporter-general of the achievements of the Grrnd Army of Pennsylvania, and in our next number shall present our readers with some of the bulletins of their operations during the vernal campaign.

## THE PARDON,

### Of the President of the U. States,

To General Bright, and the men who under his command had rendered themselves amenable to the laws, by yielding obedience to the orders of Simon Snyder, was received by the marshal on Monday last, and the prisoners were immediately set at liberty. They did not quit their place of confinement till evening, when they were escorted to their homes by several volunteer corps, by bell, book, and *candle-light*.

The liberation of these men met with general approbation, which was only alloyed by one sentiment of regret, that those under whose orders (from a sense of duty to their chief commander and his advisers) they had acted, had not felt the rigour of the law in their stead.

We confidently expected that the power of pardon would have been exercised in behalf of these men—but the promptitude with which it has been extended, even before it was asked, considerably enhances the value of that blessing, to be prized above all other human felicities—liberty. It will be perceived that much of our matter in this day's paper was written without anticipating this occurrence.

## *A Sommer Senator, who likes the sunshine of prosperity and the strongest side best.*

We would advise a sapient Sommer senator to mind the cultivation of his cabbages for market, more than drawing up resolutions in the senate, denouncing the Union. He must certainly suppose congress to be as soft as one of them, to expect they could have any effect. The manner in which he acquired his education, naturally accounts for his resentment. He was brought up and educated in the British camp at the time of the revolution, and there taught to read and write, or drawl & scrawl. He, no doubt, acquired some of his principles there. Tench Coxe could pilot the British into Philadelphia; but this has not prevented him from being thought a great patriot, statesman and politician. Sommers, it is supposed means to imitate his example. Coxe thought the British the strongest, so did Sommers. He found out afterwards they were not, and became a patriot; so did Sommer. This orator and statesman's antipathy to union, may be accounted for on another ground—though he does not expect to have children without union, he does not like the union of matrimony, that would lead to the obligation of supporting both mother and son, and prevent variety. The mother must be abandoned, and the son brought up by the profligate father, without his ever experiencing the tender affections of a mother. For shame! Some characters will become conspicuous if they only become infamous by it.

This will not be misunderstood near Bustleton.


*PATENT*

## WALL COLOURING,

*AND PAINTING*

IN IMITATION OF PAPERING.

THE subscriber respectfully presents his thanks to to the public, for the general encouragement he has met with, in the above-mentioned new method of ornamenting walls instead of papering; and as a number of improvements have been made, some defects discovered and accordingly corrected, he flatters himself, that a repetition of his former advertisements, as also a statement of his improvements, will be acceptable to the citizens at large. The superior advantages attending this painting, in respect to durability, cost, and not being a harbor for insects, must be obvious to every unprejudiced observer. It is generally known, that paper cannot be made to last long on damp walls, whereas the painting when executed in water colors, will stand proof for a considerable time, without being injured by it. The roughness of walls is as effectually hid by the painting when figured, as by papering, and when become scaly by repeated white washing, the subscriber has them scraped and cleansed with appropriate instruments. Among the number of his improvements may be rated in the first instance, his greater facility and accuracy in copying the most difficult patterns from paper. He has also discovered a better method of preparing his colors for plain grounds on new walls, and old ones, exposed to damp. He has invented a machine for a scaffold to raise and lower and move about without coming down, practicable in all parts of a building, by which means he will be enabled to do his work nearly half as fast again. He will for the future be better aided by proper instructed assistants, so as to prevent disappointment, and also establish a better, and to the public more satisfactory regulation of his prices.

Specimens in oil and water colours, may be seen in all parts of the city and suburbs. Patterns already copied from paper, to be chosen at his dwelling, No. 108, north Seventh-street, where written directions will be duly attended to.

N. B. Two boys, from 14 to 18 years of age, and of good moral character, wanted as apprentices.

*Augustus Uz.*

May 10——tf

## LOTTERY TICKETS,

*CHEAP.*

ONE DAY ONLY MORE to draw in the *USEFUL ARTS*, 10,000 dollars in the wheel, and sold at 153, Ninth-street near Spruce-st. at One Dollar twenty-five cents each. **May 10**

## Just Published,

AND may be had at the publication office of the Tickler, No. 131, south Front-street——price 31 cents.

## Symptoms of Oppugnation,

Being an *elegant* engraving, commemorative of the late appeal to arms of the state of Pennsylvania against the United States.

May 10.

FROM THE LANCASTER TIMES.

## To SIMON SNYDER,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

.....

Sir,

I shall now undertake to prove that your cant about public opinion, is mere affectation and hypocrisy.

In the county of Northampton, there were several candidates for the office of register and recorder; two of those candidates were powerfully recommended; but, sir, you gave the office to a person on his own private letter, without any other recommendation! Here *public opinion*, so far as it was signified to you, has been disregarded. The person whom you removed was one of your own party, he is moreover an uncommonly amiable man, which however is no recommendation with you. Now sir, what has been his crime? He was appointed by gov. M'Kean, a few days after the last general election, in consequence of the resignation of gen. Horne. If Mr. M'Kean had appointed either a quid, as they are called, or a federalist, you would have removed him to gratify your party resentment, and the malignancy of an uncultivated mind. But an officer must be appointed, and Mr. M'Kean could not avoid it, because it was his duty, and he appointed agreeably to his usual custom a gentleman of talent and education, whom you have evidently removed, merely because he was appointed by Mr. M'Kean after the last election! This proceeding sir, is truly contemptible, and beneath the dignity of a man of honor, and a gentleman; it is however strictly characteristic of yourself.

You removed the late prothonotary in the county of Delaware, who was more extensively recommended than all the other applicants together! Was this the effect of public opinion?

In the county of Washington, capt. M'Kennen the dismissed prothonotary, was recommended by both parties; a circumstance which produced some difficulty in your arrangements, but which after much caucusing with your learned counsellors, was surmounted by ordering a *sham* election, which was confided to some deputies of your tools from that county, who were then in the legislature. This sir was cutting the *gordian knot*; not as an Alexander, but as a paltroon, who only dared to attempt an assassination in the dark. Are you yet so ignorant of the principles of our state constitution, as to suppose that any case can possibly occur under it, which will require the election of a prothonotary by the people?

This same contemptible *cant*, this mean hypocritical juggling about public opinion, appears to pervade every department of the government under your administration, and has been extended even to the wood-corders in the city of Philadelphia! The late deputy surveyor of the county of Cumberland, was highly recommended by both parties, as a faithful and valuable officer; he was nevertheless told that the public opinion was against him and therefore could not be retained. His successor was not recommended by either party!

The Chocktaws, and some other tribes of Indians of this country, when they commit a crime, or are guilty of some outrage, generally lay it upon *rum*, or *whiskey*. You appear to be copying after them, by laying upon public opinion your blunders, your follies, and the exercise of your official power in gratifying your personal resentments. But sir, this subterfuge will not serve you in this enlightened state. Your views are obvious, the veil is too thin to hide the deformity it is intended to cover.

It must by this time be evident to every dispassionate and impartial reasoner, that you stand convicted of perfidy, of meanness, of trifling with public opinion, and of prostituting your executive authority for the purpose of rewarding your minions with the offices of old faithful and virtuous officers. To this conduct, the following observation in Montesquieu's Persian letters, applies with singular force: 'That noble emulation which arises from virtue and talents, will become entirely extinct, and regarded as chimera, when employs and dignities are distributed by an executive as a reward for party intrigue and for party purposes: in such a state of things, one part of the community must be proscribed to satisfy either the lust for power, or the vengeance of the other. This is not a state of liberty.' And Helvetius says, 'du moment ou les honneurs ne sont plus le prix des actions honnetes, les moeurs se corrompent.' That is 'From the moment when honors cease to be the price of a virtuous and honorable conduct, the manners become corrupt.'

In short, every part of your conduct since your installation, has been so strongly marked with perfidy, revenge, and deception, that it cannot be better described than in the following lines from Virgil, which your secretary Mr. Boileau, is requested to translate for your use.

'Sic furiis CAESI mens effera; nec quid inausum
Aut intractatum scelerisve dolive!'

A REPUBLICAN.

## HAPPINESS.

### A FRAGMENT.

The scenes of my life have been sad, said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect—'The scenes of my life have been sad,' repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, at the recollection of the past, again struck his soul—'I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain; I have suffered the torture of the inquision in Spain—I have been chained to the gallies in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groaned as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England; and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!' The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun was just casting his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the streaks of vermillion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep; not a sound invaded the ear; all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquilized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around. The balm of peace descended upon his soul: He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret: It was too late to begin his life anew; and after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf and soon dropped into a sweet and uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he rose refreshed. Beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut. His meat was supplied by the roots and herbs of the valley; and the chrystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage. Every evening beheld him sinking peaceably to repose on his bed of leaves, and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful. In a short time he discovered that he was happy. This discovery astonished him. He was isolated—an outcast—depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltering from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of a wild beast possessed many advantages. Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible. After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself; that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition; that the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness, is *contentment*.

(*B. Mer.*)

[*From the Boston Centinel.*]

.....

Mr. Printer,

Why do not your editors and printers call men and things by their *proper* names? It appears to me, you are playing the game of contraries; and that you call *black* white, and *white* black; at least on the subject of names.

The two great parties in the United States, being now frequently denominated *whigs* and *tories*, I have searched diligently for a correct definition of those words. All the dictionaries I have consulted, and all the authorities I have read, uniformly define the words as follow:

*A WHIG*

Is a political partizan who holds, that the people have a right to examine freely all laws and regulations made by their *public* servants; to assemble in small or 'multitudinous' bodies, to give their opinions on those laws; to instruct their representatives on the subject; to petition for the repeal of laws, and to remonstrate against them. A *whig* believes the people have a right to exercise a constitutional opposition to unjust and tyrannical laws to effect their repeal. A *whig* believes that the doctrine of 'passive obedience and non-resistance,' is the doctrine of parasites and slaves; that all men are fallible; and that the administration can, and does frequently act wrong, and enact unjust and unconstitutional laws. A whig holds that there are times when resistance to oppression is a duty to God. Such, and such only, are whigs, who hold these sentiments, and act up to them.

*A TORY*

Is a political partizan who advocates the doctrine of 'passive obedience and non resistance.' A tory is one who adheres to, and defends all and every act of the administration; and professes to believe that a president, a congress, a secretary, or a military commander can do no wrong. He is an enemy to town-meetings, and other assemblies of the meeting of the people, when their object is to complain of unjust laws, and to petition for their repeal. A tory is an advocate for a standing army to execute civil laws; and would gladly see the throats of a starving people cut before the orders of an interested custom-house officer should be disobeyed or evaded. Men who profess these principles are tories—and you might as well call the devil himself an angel, as to give them any other appellation.

These definitions being undeniable, I have been astonished the people have not demanded that white should be called *white*, and that black should be declared to be *black*.

If the reader wishes for further information on this subject, let him read the speech and communication of licut. governor Lincoln, the addresses presented to the president, the resolutions adopted by the democratic 'multitudinous assemblies,' the instructions issued by Monsieur Gallatin to the collectors, and the orders by the military officers, and masters of the gun-boats. Let him recollect the partizans who have declared that it is *treason* to speak disrespectfully of *rulers*, and that the unauthorised instructions of a secretary of the treasury ought to be enforced, if 'the blood of half the people of the United States' flowed in the execution. Yet—O! most shameless prostitution of words. The professors of these high tory principles have had the impudence to call themselves *whigs!*

On the other hand, let the reader peruse the resolutions, addresses, petitions, and remonstrances, which have been issued in opposition to the embargo laws, and the orders of the treasury thereon: and compare them with the resolutions, &c. of the old whigs of 1774, and he will find that they breathe the same spirit, emanate from the same sources, and are directed to the same end. Yet. O, still more shameless prostitution of language—the professors of these high *whig* sentiments have been denominated *tories*.

Out upon it, Mr. Printer—let the procedure be corrected. Let those who advocate tory principles be considered as tories; and let those who advocate the people's rights, and are opposed to useless, arbitrary and unconstitutional laws, be denominated *whigs*.

AN OLD WHIG.

FOR THE TICKLER.

Mr. Scratch'em,

Among the many idle, nay, I may say evil practices with which our city abounds, to me that of crowding the passages and pavement of St. Augustine Chapel, appears the most conspicuous. With astonishment do I view the doors of this hallowed house constantly infested by clans of gay young men, acting in such a rude and uncivilized manner as will scarcely entitle them to a better name than that of a savage; can it be religion, can it be the powers of the preacher which (supposing it to be the case) surpassing all other places of worship, attract these gaudy butterflies, yet methinks if it was the case, different conduct would be shewn—awe, reverence, humility, would plainly indicate the design of their attendance. No, no! the attraction lies not here (but pardon me for having so much insulted religion by making the supposition) it is to see, it is to be seen, it is to insultingly peep under the bonnet of every female, it is to pass their contemptible sneers upon those whom nature has not favoured, it is to bestow their paltry encomiums upon every pretty face. I would not have spoken thus harsh concerning young people of my own sex, and many probably of my own age, had not my mind been roused to a just indignation at their indecorous conduct, had I not daily seen them gaining converts, had not many of my most intimate acquaintances been inveigled and betrayed into their pernicious practices. For the honour of our city, for the honor of our nation, let it not be said that we have converted our churches into theatres, our places of worship into those of amusement.

A FRIEND TO GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

*For the TICKLER.*

## How some people smell of their shop.

While captain Saltzy Lisp was arguing the important question relative to the late election of Constables which arose out of the outrageous conduct of the democrats in New Market ward; he read in the course of the debate the hundred dollar law, and contended that wards were meant by the word district. Alderman Shoemaker reminded him that the other election laws spoke of the WARDS of the city; but as there were no wards mentioned in that, what was the consequence. The bowing captain understood the Alderman to say WAR would be the consequence. The martial sound of war was too much for our hero, he readily caught the godlike term, and in the true spirit of a son of Mars, exclaimed 'war! well, no matter if we should have war, let there be war, has not the State of Pennsylvania her soldiers ready to carry on a great and glorious war.' The capt. was proceeding in this military strain, losing sight of the subject matter, the election, when the Alderman threw cold water on the fire of his eloquence, by remarking that he had said nothing about war.

We were incorrect in our last, when we asserted that Michael Bright had retained a federalist as deputy inspector of flour, because he lived in one of his houses. The fact is, Bright prevailed upon another newly created officer to retain one of his deputies, because he was Bright's tenant, and paid him rent. 'Tickle my pate and I'll scratch your elbow.'

We recommend to the general and his companions to open a military school to teach *garrison* duty.

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BY GEORGE HELMBOLD,

No. 131, south Front-street.